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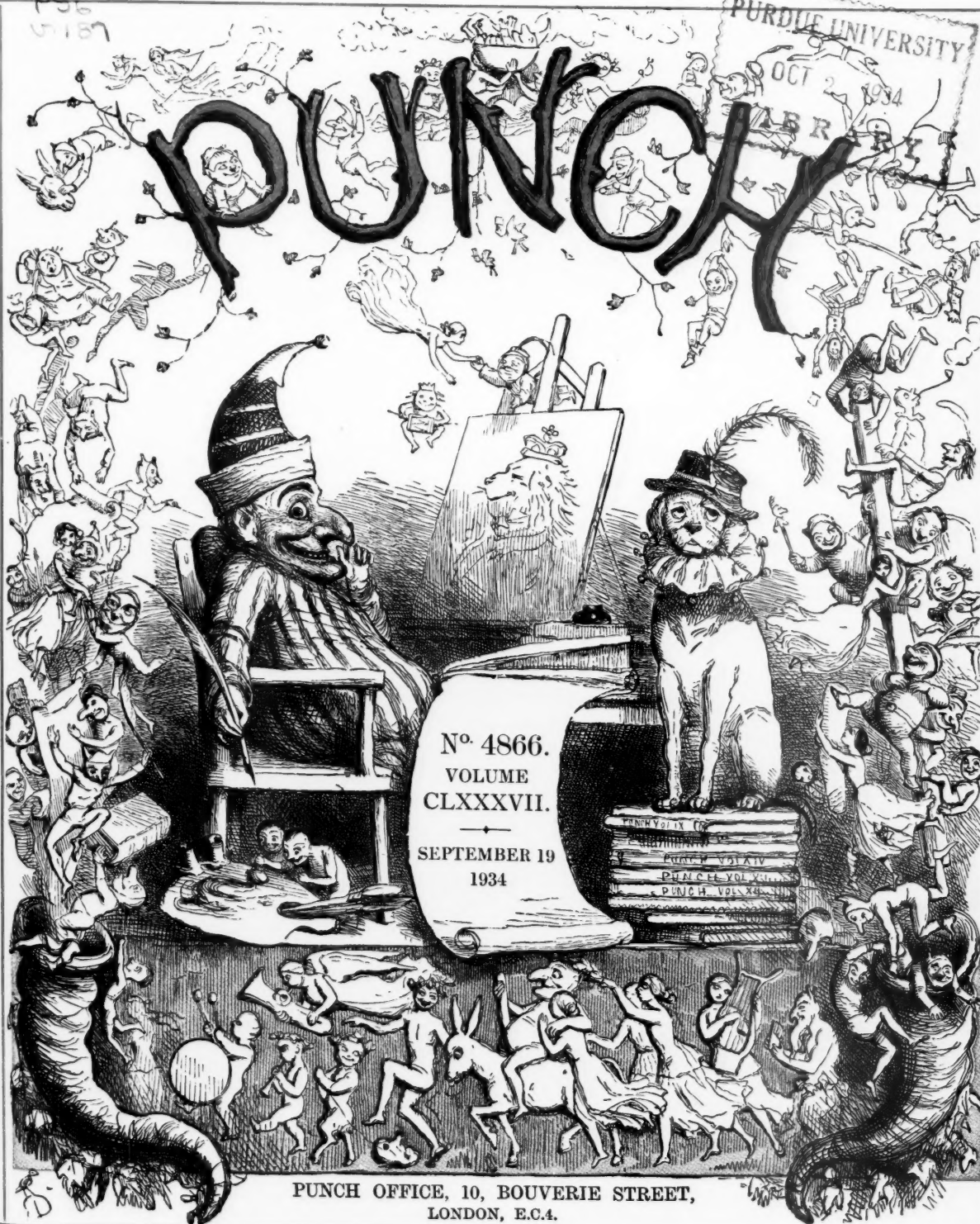
*Maker of  
fine Chocolates*

# PUNCH

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# GOOD YEAR

BRITISH MADE TYRES

FACTORY AT WOLVERHAMPTON



## Charivaria.

COINS found on the site of a Roman-British farm settlement in Sussex belong to a period which includes the most prosperous years of Roman-British farming. British farmers of to-day can't afford to drop money.

Many warships have been visiting South Coast sea-side-resorts. It says much for the holiday-makers that they can afford holidays and warships too.

"The English Sunday, for weal or woe," says the Bishop of CHELMSFORD, "is now practically a thing of the past." What remains, emphatically for woe, is the English Monday.

A paper urges that the purchase of a certain make of 10 h.p. car will find work for eighteen men. It is not stated if the owner is included.

Women who tilt their hats over the right eye are described as a danger to the traffic. Another and more gallant view is that the traffic is a danger to women who tilt their hats over the right eye.

If, as General GOERING has said, ADOLF HITLER knows what is going on under his nose, it is rather remarkable that he has not decided to have it shaved off.

Which reminds us that during the broadcasting of an oration by Herr HITLER bangs like revolver-shots were heard. Through an oversight, no order

had been issued that all shooting must cease while the Fuehrer was speaking.

A magistrate says that Londoners know how to stand up for themselves. The Underground has taught them that.

One of the speakers at the Conference of Sanitary Inspectors' Associations said the sanitary inspector must be a mathematician, know something about geography, trigonometry, chemistry and physics, and have the ability of an analyst as well as a profound knowledge of law. You ought to see him at work smelling a rat!

A married woman has been compensated for the loss of a little finger. It appears that it was the one round which she twisted her husband.

In some remarks on conversation, Professor G. A. JAEDERHOLM of Sweden said it was better to be a little silly than to be a prig or a walking encyclopædia. Many a man, however, obviously prefers to be a big silly.

Two inebriated sailors were arrested in New York for stealing a scale. In self-defence they claimed that they were told to weigh the anchor.

A woman named Mrs. TIDE living in the North of England has given birth to twins. It is not true, however, that they will be called Eb and Flo.

Bees killed a horse in a village in Austria. It is not known how many punters had previously been stung by the horse.

A wealthy man has intimated that he is willing to subscribe a considerable sum of money for the elimination of big noises. He does not specify any one in particular.



"AFTER ALL, PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO GO CLIMBING UP TREES TO FISH."

"It always pays to go straight," declares a well-known Bishop. But has he ever tried to cross Oxford Street during the rush hour?

In Germany a double wedding was celebrated in an aeroplane. Any day now we may expect to hear of a parachute divorce over Hollywood.

### Where is "Uplift" Bred?

IF I go along the sidewalk for two blocks (as they tell me the Americans say) and then turn around to the left, I can enter a magnificent building and behold there in waxen effigy NEWTON, STALIN, HITLER, BYRON, BRADMAN, PEACE, NAPOLEON, GARBO, ROBEY, the bunch of U.S.A. Presidents, including WASHINGTON, the whole assortment of our English Kings from the Conquest, and many another whose name and face has rung down or probably will ring down through the centuries until Time itself is discontinued. I can behold there also the present British Cabinet (faultlessly tailored) in solemn and lifeless session, as though charmed by a fairy or bewitched by a Gorgon's head, Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD himself addressing them, for ever piping songs for ever new, his silent form teasing me out of thought as doth eternity. And for this, in addition to the ordinary charge, I must, if you please, pay Entertainment Tax. Surely it is not entertainment but culture, but inspiration, but patriotism to gaze on the glittering eyes, the almost speaking lips of those who govern this land. One is not even allowed to poke them (as one may the liveried attendants) to see if they are really alive. . . .

I am moved to ask this question about Madame TUSSAUD's because I observe that the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells theatres have been excused from the bondage of this tax on the grounds of the educational and scientific nature of their performances; and it is time for us all to ask ourselves at what point entertainment ceases and moral purpose begins.

Tell me without looking at an encyclopædia and without going to the Marylebone Road the names of the American Presidents and what manner of men they were. Tell me, if you like, what barons were present about the ferocious figure of KING JOHN when the Great Charter was signed. I felt sure you could not. Your education is no better than mine.

But how much instruction do you get out of this or that place of amusement, taxed or untaxed? Is there anyone who can honestly say? I knew a man who would frequently on very cold days pay a visit to the National Gallery in order to stand above the gratings and let the warm air surge about his frozen legs; and many a cynic must have visited the most frivolous theatrical comedies for the sole purpose of writing a scathing indictment of the manners and morals of our times. And in the museums, as well as in the cinemas, there are young lovers who wish to be alone. . . .

I suggest, since the whole problem is so difficult, that a Special Board or Select Committee or Standing Tribunal or Permanent Herd of Intelligent Busybodies should be appointed to award this or that percentage of marks for moral and educational value to this or that entertainment. I propose that thirty per cent. of instructional merit should be sufficient to dodge the Entertainment Tax. And I propose that I be appointed one of the Herd or Board.

This thirty per cent., or the want of it, would be exhibited in all advertisements and placards which draw attention to the performance and solicited the attendance of the public. It is (to quote a classic) the only way.

To gain this certificate, to evade this impost, many strange things would be done. Not a coloured comedian would begin to croon or shake or prance without a short lecture on the abolition of slavery and the consequent benefit to mankind. There would be no All-In Wrestling unaccompanied by periods of Community Singing; the lightest of

revues would be intersected by films on the life of the ant or the bee. All Mr. BERNARD SHAW's prefaces would always be read aloud. A curtain would descend suddenly in the music-halls. On it you would read: "In order to purge the emotions by means of fear and pity before the Two Humpo Sisters come on, a portion of the proposed regulations under the New Traffic Bill will be recited by the Manager."

But in the meantime the best of luck to the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells. EVOE.

### Suave Mari Magno.

Autumn Manœuvres, 1934.

YES, children, I will come and see the Army;  
Give me but time to masticate my tea.  
No spectacle more potently could charm me;  
Nought is so sweet, philosophers agree,  
As from the shore to view the tempests racking  
Some storm-tossed vessel labouring far from  
port;  
So come and let us watch them bivouacking—  
An over-rated sport.

In those by no means weatherproof erections  
They really do propose to spend the night,  
Unless the General's noted predilections  
For subtle jests should bid them rise and fight.  
No, Barbara, he is not among those figures;  
With scorn of hardship that becomes them well  
He and his staff are coping with the rigours  
Of warfare at the "Bell."

And what, you ask, Patricia, of their dinner?  
How pampered is the warrior of to-day!  
Lest he should run the risk of getting thinner  
Rich meals are cooked for him upon the way.  
If, through a venial miscalculation  
Of some Brass Hat, distraught with many a care,  
They've reached a wholly different destination,  
*Que veux-tu? C'est la guerre!*

And when the dawn arises bleak and shivery,  
While you and I are snug beneath the clothes,  
When majors are morose and colonels livery  
And cheery optimists are met with oaths,  
They will go forth, to dash about the chosen  
Arena till they get a nasty stitch,  
Or spend long hours of waiting, bored and frozen,  
In some malodorous ditch.

I too have known the horrors of a bivvy;  
I too have trembled at a General's frown;  
But now, an unimpressible civvy,  
I care no hoot for oak-leaf, swords or crown;  
The haughtiest G.S.O. I dare say "Bo!" to.  
But night is falling; let us saunter back,  
Thanking our stars we have a bed to go to  
And not a bivouac.

P.S.

Yet as the aged shellback, on discerning  
With smug complacency from the inglorious  
shore  
The good ship's gallant struggles, feels a yearning  
Deep in his heart to be afloat once more,  
Though military life is not all honey,  
With bivouacs, Staff-officers and rain  
And early starts, I'd give a pot of money  
To share it all again.





### THE EDUCATIONAL COMEDY DUET.

VIC AND WELLS (the privileged entertainers, bursting into song)—

“WE’RE NEVER, NEVER TEMPTED  
TO BE FRIVOLOUS AND LAX—  
AND SO WE’VE BEEN EXEMPTED  
FROM THE ENTERTAINMENT TAX.”



"DOES YOUR WIFE DRIVE?"

"No. IT WAS IN THIS CONDITION WHEN I BOUGHT IT."

### Chapter From a Life.

(An application, with apologies, of the narrative method employed by Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON in "Curzon: The Last Phase," to events of less widespread significance.)

The church bell dispute of 1932-1933—No amicable arrangement of this dispute—Petulant observations of the Vicar—His distrust of local campanologists—Responsibility of his predecessor—His early hopes—Abortive attempt at settlement—Responsibility of Perce, Wilf and Garge—Theirs not entire responsibility—Letter from the Mayor of Bishopsnorting—Its effect on the Vicar—Decides on policy of conciliation—Allegations of his enemies—Bellringers said to have been put out of way with connivance of Vicar—Nor is this all.

#### I.

The idea that there was any amicable arrangement of the church bell dispute of 1932-1933 is one that must

be cast aside with energy. Those who allow themselves this mild and comforting assumption have forgotten Puddinton; Bishopsnorting has nimbly eluded their memories; they have neglected to recall the greasy argument, the long-drawn unctuousness conjured up for persons of more tenacious memory by the name of Mudford. There was no easy bonhomie about the church bell dispute. There could be none. There was, on the contrary, a great deal of exceedingly vocal annoyance.

This was regrettable.

#### II.

It is expedient to quote some of the recorded observations of the Vicar. "I have," he wrote on September 17, 1932, "no confidence in either Garge\* or Wilf.†" "It is," he wrote again, "doubtful whether Perce‡ is anything but a man of straw." "Among the"—he amplified on November 12—"difficulties of my position is the contumacious behaviour of Perce, Wilf and Garge." The reader will readily con-

clude that among the emotions inspired in the Vicar by these three campanologists were irritation, alarm and despondency. The reader will not be wrong in this conclusion. He will be correct.

#### III.

The facts shortly are these. The Vicar's predecessor, a breezy, optimistic and hard-headed man, had frequently caused hymn-tunes to be played upon the bells of that squat and unassuming little church. He had failed to observe that the hymns selected for this ostensibly cheerful purpose all without exception contained numerous semitones. He had failed to observe that with such semitones the bells of his church were unable satisfactorily to cope. He had failed also to observe that his bellringers failed to observe it. The result of such persistent, such lavish lack of observation was, for all of sensitive and musical ear, recurrent distress and agony of soul.

The Vicar on his arrival had hoped to change this. "It seems," he wrote

\* Garge Offal, b. 1897; choirboy, 1908-1909; subordinate bell-ringer, 1910-1913; war, 1914-1918; bell-ringer, 1919-1928; chief bell-ringer, 1929-1933; since jailed. A stout, red, shiny man.

† Wilf Seaweed, b. 1909; subordinate bell-ringer, 1919-1933; since jailed. A pale gloomy figure, thin but muscular; apt to break ropes.

‡ Perce Igg, b. 1911. Bellringer, a man of straw.

on June 25, 1932, "to me that the best thing I can do is to change the hymns." "If changing," he wrote with petulance on July 30, "the hymns proves as difficult as appears likely, it may be as well to stop playing hymns on the bells altogether." To us who look back across the succeeding months of indignation it is plain that this would indubitably have been as well. It is a fact that the Vicar did indeed, after this cautious but eminently sensible remark, make some attempt to drop the practice of hymn-playing on the bells. But he was prevailed upon not to drop the practice. He was persuaded, on the contrary, to continue it. And it was this that caused in no small measure the anxiety, the distress, the perturbation and the prickly annoyance that made the ensuing months so lamentably disagreeable.

## IV.

It must be admitted that much of the blame falls on Perce, Wilf and Garge. The sturdy and resilient indifference of these three men to such protests as had for years past been trickling in from the surrounding vilayets was hard for any newcomer to shake. But to place upon them all the responsibility for the abundant disputation that followed the arrival of the Vicar would not be right. It would in fact be wrong. They were not entirely responsible for that painful, that arduous disputation.

Part of the responsibility lies elsewhere.

## V.

In May, 1932, the Vicar received a letter from the Mayor of Bishopsnorting. "I am," wrote that worthy but stertorous functionary in the green ink of the Town Hall, "writing to ask you if you cannot do something about the faulty playing of hymns on your bells. If you cannot do anything I propose to take action." This letter filled the Vicar with confusion and alarm. He had forgotten that the satraps of the surrounding country, all of whom possessed ears, had in many instances also an ear for music. He decided, pacing up and down his musty and disgruntled library, on a policy of conciliation. "I beg," he wrote to the Mayor that same day, "you not to allow this matter to impair our friendly relations." "It is," he added, "difficult for me to do anything likely to annoy the only campanologists we have."

Can we believe of such a mild and gentlemanly figure that even as early as this he was, according to the contention of his enemies, already scheming with the village policeman to have



"CALLS HIMSELF A GENTLEMAN! WHEN I SAID TO 'IM, 'WELL, BERT, WHAT ABOUT AN ICE-CREAM SODA?' 'E SAID, 'THANKS, I DON'T MIND IF I DO.'"

all three bellringers arrested for poaching? That they were arrested and that no hymns have been played on the bells since is undeniable. That they were arrested at the instigation of the Vicar would be an assumption misleading in the extreme.

## VI.

Nor was this all. . . .

"FULHAM WANT PUNCH."  
*Evening Paper.*

They should apply at this office.

## "BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

Restaurant, dining room, cause of sickness."—*Advt. in Canadian Paper.*

We shall dine elsewhere.

"When forwards like Walker and Johnstone scornfully reject chances the inevitable is surely bound to happen."—*Scots Paper.*

In all probability, yes.

"The Spartan virtues, obedience, modesty, and loyalty have made us great."

*Herr Hitler, at Nuremberg.*

Only of course we are too modest to say so.



### Broilham Week.

WANDERING about the coasts of England in a sailing-barge of noble aspect and antecedents, we chanced to let go our anchor in a celebrated nest of yachtery. It was Broilham Week, the great racing festival of the year. A charming occasion, fine weather, delightful company. Four hundred boats and more on the moorings, a forest of masts by night, a cloud of fluttering butterflies by day; big butterflies and baby butterflies; monstrous yachts, impudent "sharpies," and diminutive dinghies; at the tillers enormous men in yachting-caps, young ladies in trousers, tiny boys in bathing-dresses—all racing mad; races all the time, from almost dawn and quite till dew. And now and then a gin.

Towards evening the mariners repair to various well-appointed and hospitable club-houses, and over light refreshments discuss the sport of the day and the plans and prospects for the morrow. Ginbad the Sailor explains how he came to foul the mark, and those who were last gradually forget their disappointment as they realise, round by round, what an unusual combination of wind, tide and misfortune it was that prevented them from crossing the line some miles ahead of all other competitors.

I listened to these discussions with real and respectful interest; for I know nothing of yacht-racing except as practised on the Western borders of the Metropolis. There, as I think I have explained before, it is a simple and even primitive business. A few sailing vessels of various sizes start at the same time and force their way as far as they can through a succession of eight-oared rowing races, four-oared rowing races and sculling races—to say nothing of casual ladies' eights, swarms of scullers, tugs, lighters, pleasure-steamers, picnic-parties and dead cats. Almost invariably the fastest vessel prevails over the difficulties most successfully and returns to the club-house first, which, after all, is the sign of a good race. I may add that "protests" and post-race unpleasantness or bickerings are rare—though much enjoyed when they occur.

But in all these high-class yachting palavers at Broilham there were two

insistent notes which increasingly disturbed me. The first was the Scientific Note. I kept on hearing about *aero-dynamics*. At first I thought it was the gin. But no—the little ladies with tomato-juice or ginger-beer whispered "*aero-dynamics*" too. And the talk had never continued long before someone unsheathed a pencil and began to draw little pictures of "eddies," "wind-funnels," "back-draughts," and what-not. Dear little boats, with nice shapes and pretty sails—but grossly disfigured with a cloud of whirligigs and wiggles, showing the way in which the wind really behaves if it is treated scientifically. All our simple old theories, it seems, are done for. You thought that when a vessel was before the wind the wind blew against the sail and pushed the vessel along. It

quarters what happens to a sport when Science begins to creep in. The scientific spin-experts who invented the "American" service—will anyone contend that they have done a substantial service to the game? All this leg-line and body trouble in cricket—to what is it due at bottom but an excess of scientific thought and theory?

Cricket, of course, at once brings me to the second point—the Ethical. At Broilham I was horrified by the unethical tone of some of the talk. We might have been at Lord's or the Oval. No longer, it seems, does one wish to see the best boat win. The sole thought is to prevent the best boat from winning by the exercise of low cunning, and especially by the unscrupulous use of *aero-dynamics*. Let the other fellow be swift as a swallow, if you can

manoeuvre yourself into the right position at the start you can give him such a nasty back-draught or eddy that he never really recovers from it. "Sit on him"—that was the astonishing phrase; or sometimes "Sit on his tail"—sit on his tail, follow him round, dog him, badger him, baffle him with *aero-dynamics*, send malignant eddies whirling against his main-sail and in and out of his head-sails—but always, like the leg-theory bowler, keeping well within the letter of the law.

And there is worse.

I should mention that the Week had an international flavour, by reason of the presence of many distinguished amateur mariners from Germany and Holland; and there were team-races between the foreigners and the British—club against club and country against country, and so forth. During the planning—or should I say plotting?—of these races I heard many a word that was warming to a Briton's heart; young men offering to take some subordinate part, or to be out of the great race altogether, if it were to the advantage of their own side or would help the British boats to win. Team-work, in short, and the team-spirit at its best. But when it came to the discussions of what one team was going to do to another I was unable to distribute marks for ethicality quite so freely. I have told you what deadly work can be done by one yacht-racer "sitting on" another and discomfiting him with dirty *aero-*



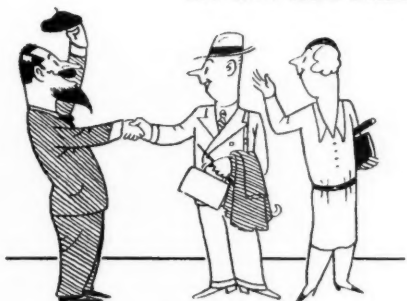
Char. "I DON'T LIKE BEING CALLED A 'CHAR.' THE LAST PEOPLE I WORKED FOR CALLED ME A 'DIRT SPECIALIST.'"

isn't that at all—not, at least, at Broilham. The thing that matters is the *negative pressure* on the other side of the sail—or is it the *suction*?—I won't swear that I have got any of this right. Indeed I hotly refuse to try. We must, I know, do all that we put our hand to as well as we can; and it is just as well to understand the theory of what we are trying to do. But there are limits; and in my opinion *aero-dynamics* are—or is—going a little too far. I do not, frankly, think that it is an expression that ought to pass a nice young yacht-girl's lips. In all my fourteen years' experience of yacht-racing I had never heard it used by anyone until last week; and I think it right to say that if I hear anything about *aero-dynamics* in relation to our boat-races at Hammersmith I shall resign the Vice-Presidency.

It is no laughing matter, brother-sportsmen. We have seen in many

FRIENDSHIP.

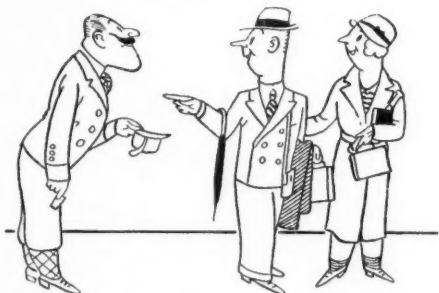
YOU KNOW THOSE DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE ONE MEETS ON ONE'S HOLIDAY-TOUR.



"SO CHARMED TO HAVE MET YOU. YOU MUST COME AND STAY WITH US."



"GOOD-BYE! DON'T FORGET TO LOOK US UP—ANY WEEK-END."



"WHEN YOU VISIT ENGLAND WE CAN PUT YOU UP."



"IF EVER YOU'RE DOWN OUR WAY WE SHALL LOVE TO HAVE YOU."



"DON'T FORGET, MAKE A LONG WEEK-END OF IT."



"YOU HAVE MY CARD; WE SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO PUT YOU UP."



WELL, SUPPOSING THEY DID.

ROCKEY



Hothouse-Flower. "DARLING, YOU'RE MARVELLOUS! WHICH ONE DID YOU SHOOT?"

dynamics. Imagine, then, what is the effect when *two* men "sit upon" *one*! But that, I gathered, is the practice, not only, mark you, among our gallant countrymen, but among the Nordic Germans and the straightforward Dutch. The wretched "crack" on the other side is marked as closely as Chelsea's centre-forward or Arsenal's goal-getter; he is watched and hampered and hustled like the first string in an international running-race. Boats hem him in wherever he goes; he moves, if he moves at all, in a turmoil of hostile eddies and ingenious draught-formations. Meanwhile some quite inferior fellow sneaks off (in theory) and gets the Cup.

Well, brother Britons, it seems all wrong to me. One result of all this cunning stuff, I noticed, was that "protests" seem to be the rule rather than the exception. The rules were complex enough and the sport difficult enough in a crowded field before, but the aero-dynamical dog-fighting has raised a host of novel problems as well as a

novel spirit. You force the other fellow into a hole with an ungentlemanly eddy, and then, if he bumps you, you protest and he is disqualified. And even while he hands you a gin you are drawing horrid pictures of his hull and jib and working out a wind-funnel to be his downfall to-morrow. Well, I say, I may be old-fashioned—I may even be wrong; but it seems to me that the noble sport of boat-sailing is being dragged down to the level of cricket, and running—I mean Test cricket and international running. Shoddy-line sailing, I call it. And, mark my words, wherever you let Science and the Team-spirit really loose in a game you will have the same story. I advise my Broilham friends to cut them both out and get back to the honest, rough-and-tumble, individual methods of village cricket and Hammersmith yachting. All the same, my blessing on them, and pink gins all round! A. P. H.

[For further meditations on the subject of yachting by another writer, see page 332.]

### Remorse.

Now, when a noble stag has died,  
My duty—trying not to gloat—is  
Sadly to turn my head aside  
(Praying that Angus may not  
notice)  
And yield myself to manly grief,  
Complete with tears and handkerchief.

No more, no more the cloud-capped  
ben,  
And nevermore the misty corrie:  
Farewell for ever to the glen!  
To-morrow, on a motor-lorry,  
His head will journey far away  
From Highland hills beyond the  
Spey.

Such are the thoughts which should  
oppress

My mind. But I, a hardened sinner,  
Still find some gleam of happiness  
In prospects of a bath and dinner,  
And in repeating softly this:  
"Oh, thank the Lord I didn't miss!"



### Pathos.

FEW documents in our history rouse in the thoughtful student such feelings of compassion as the Report of the Select Committee on the Condition of the Bosses (2034). For many years *The Times* and other extremist newspapers had demanded that the Government should provide relief for the depressed classes, including Company Directors, Landowners, heads of big businesses and bankers. The cry was taken up by the revolutionary Tory Party in the House of Commons and Lords (amalgamated in 2029), and tears came unbidden to the eyes of many a pompous artisan as the old Duke of Devonshire, dressed in the coarse clothes of his class, told of the sufferings of some of his fellow-peers. "We do not ask for charity," he said, "but for justice. Peers have as much right to a living wage as anybody else. If the proud artisan oligarchy will not yield to our fair demands, our union will join with the Bankers' Union and the Bosses' Guild, and we shall strike. Too long have we been ground under the heels of the workers!"

The Report of the Select Committee proved that the condition of the Depressed Classes was even worse than had been supposed. The ruthless class-legislation of the Bureaucrat Ministry had rendered it impossible for even the most ingenious ex-rich to scrape together more than the bare means of subsistence. Some of the cases quoted in the Report revealed a condition of things unequalled in history.

A Duke, whose revenue from land amounted to £200,000 per annum, was called upon to pay land taxes amounting to £200,100. In more prosperous days he had invested £50,000 in Argentine Railways, which yielded about £2,000 per annum. Of this the Government took £1,500 by way of Foreign Investment Tax, and £600 under the Emergency Levy Act. The Duke, not wishing to be thrown into gaol as a defaulter, endeavoured to put things straight by taking paying-guests at his stately home, and obtained so many that he was himself obliged, with his wife and family, to take up his quarters in the stables.

The amount payable by his guests should have amounted to £3,000 per annum, and the fifty per cent. tax on gross expected receipts rendered the Duke liable to pay the sum of £1,500. As, however, ninety per cent. of his guests were Government servants, and



"—AND IN YOUR REPORT YOU MIGHT ALSO MENTION THAT THE THIEVES WERE UNDOUBTED CONNOISSEURS, AS THE CELLARS SHOW THAT ONLY VINTAGE WINES WERE BROACHED."

thus entitled to a seventy-five per cent. rebate, the venture resulted in a dead loss. At the end of the first year the Duke and his family, tired of washing-up for so many non-paying guests, surrendered to the magistrates and were sent to gaol as defaulters.

Another case was that of a manufacturer of sausages, employing ten thousand men, each of whom he was obliged to pay the minimum wage of ten pounds a week. Under the Regulation of Labour Act (2031) each man was only permitted to make 263 sausages per week. Under the Sausages Regulation Act (2032), sausages were priced at twopence each, so that every week the manufacturer faced a dead loss of something like £80,000, apart from the cost of raw materials. For some time he struggled bravely, his wife and old mother going out "charging" to help him cover his deficit; but human nature can stand only so much, and when he received an Income Tax Assessment for £493,211 16s. 4d. he

gave up the struggle and dived fully-clothed into one of his own machines.

The Select Committee also published, for the first time, the dull facts leading to the suicide of the nineteen Bank Directors who dived in a body from Waterloo Bridge on the night of June 30, 2033. The Minister for Banking had decreed that depositors were to receive interest at a fixed rate of two per cent. and that overdrafts should be granted to anybody who might apply at a fixed rate of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. As soon as the new rates were announced, hundreds of hard-eyed artisan speculators had arrived by charabanc in the City and had smashed all the Joint Stock Banks by cleverly borrowing huge sums from one bank and putting the money on deposit at another.

"SURPRISE RESULTS IN THE SINGLES.  
SUSSEX CHAMPION FALLS TO WINN."  
*Daily Paper Headlines.*

Is "Stooping to conquer" no longer good enough?

## At the Pictures.

### A FRENCH COMEDIAN AND A SPANISH WHON.

I DON'T say that the French film, *Ces Messieurs de la Santé*, at the Academy is the best I ever saw; but I affirm that I have rarely enjoyed one more.

The central character, a financial adventurer and impostor named *Tafard*, covers the ground from the Unjust Steward to JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR and OUSTRIC; but a touch of splendour has been added, as though, say, in order to invent him MEREDITH and OPPENHEIM had collaborated. And as played by RAIMU he is so plausible and attractive, and is having so much more amusing and carefree a time than the traditional swindler, who is anxious and rarely laughs, that the ordinary conscientious member of the audience wonders if the best policy may not be dishonesty after all.

M. RAIMU, long known as a great stage comedian, is a most convincing film-actor and as natural as ever I saw. Perhaps his most striking, and certainly the most amusing, moment, is when the news is sprung upon him that the mines of Esterel, which he had invented for the purpose of a new bogus flotation, really exist. This comes as a double blow, in the first place because no gentleman likes to invent clumsily, and in the second place because, considering that top price had been reached, he has just sold out. Necessary now to retrieve his position; and how he does this is the culminating joke.

If the film were anything but a gay satirical fantasy it might be worth while—even though, like all criticism, too late—to point out that the Paris police in it are strangely inert; that the odds are thousands to one that, even without his beard, so prominent a Parisian as *Tafard* would have been recognised by many old associates; and finally that it would not come as a surprise to so attentive and enterprising a lawbreaker to hear that the original charges which had sent him to prison had all been dropped and he was wanted only because he had had the bad manner to escape. Finally, *Tafard's* first love would, I think, have had more to say to him. But it is a satirical fantasy and as such you must take it or leave it. For myself, I have taken it twice.

Another thing strongly to the advantage of *Ces Messieurs de la Santé*, at any rate to my poor way of thinking,

is the absence of the element of sex. *Tafard* frankly admits that he prefers the manipulation of funds to any dalliance with the fair, and we are therefore spared the elongated kiss.

The trouble about seeing a new and



A TUTOR OF BIG BUSINESS.

Mme. Genissier . . . . . PAULINE CARTON.  
Tafard . . . . . RAIMU.  
Amédée . . . . . LUCIEN BAROUX.

commanding and understanding actor like RAIMU is that you want him in so many other parts. Comparisons are not to be pursued, but I will just say



PUTTING A KICK INTO A WAN DON.

Pedro . . . . . CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY.  
Don Juan . . . . . DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

that all the tedious way through *The Private Life of Don Juan*, at the reconstructed London Pavilion, I was thinking that if anybody could get life into it, it was RAIMU. And I am afraid there are some other Hollywood stars

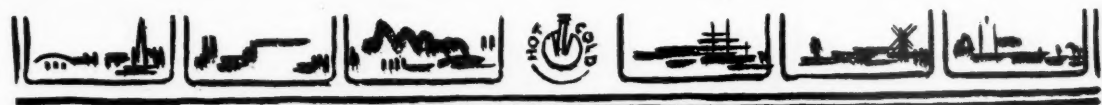
who are likely to be dimmed when compared with the standard of France.

As to our old screen friend, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, he seems to deal only in externals. There is a human story somewhere hidden under all this costly muddle, but he does not reveal it. He alleges all and proves nothing, whereas RAI— But this is very unfair. Comparisons must not be pursued, except perhaps to the extent of recalling the clarity and logical progression of *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, under the same control. What did Mr. ALEXANDER KORDA then have that he has not now? He had a real actor in the leading part, and that actor got vitality into the play. For the rest, the two pieces are on a level, each hoping for popularity on account of their historic personalities and the sniggers their names provoke; each a lavish blend of pageant, costume, music and blatant eroticisms; each with a cast packed with public favourites. But the first of the *Private Life* series, which I trust is not going to be mercilessly extended, was more open than its successor, where there is too much congestion and often too little light. *Private lives*, from the cinema point of view, call, of course, for darkness or dusk; but in *Don Juan* there is too much of it.

And now a word as to the hero's name. I went to the London Pavilion with the familiar syllables, Ju-an—a couple of them, as BYRON's scansion demands—in my mind, but that was the last of them. Henceforward, for hours, I heard the ageing *roué* called either Don Whon or Don Whan, or perhaps Don Hwon and Don Hwan would be phonetically nearer. This may be good Spanish, but it is bad tradition.

There must be better films than *The Private Life of Don Juan* if we are not to regret the conversion of the London Pavilion from music-hall to cinema. The house has been made over with skill and taste, but, in case of a change in fashion, I most cordially hope that behind the screen there is still the stage—the stage on which, the first time I was ever in this genial home of entertainment, forty and more years ago, an eager galvanic little man in pearly wearing a cap whose position he was continually changing, was singing a coster love-song about his Liza to an audience rapt and tense. His name? CHEVALIER, —ALBERT, for that was in pre-MAURICE days.

E. V. L.



THE HIGH-BROW



THE LOW-BROW

TERRICK





"NOW YOU MUST TASTE MY HOME-MADE WINE. YOU NEED NOT BE AFRAID OF IT GOING TO YOUR HEAD."  
 "REALLY, HOW DISAPPOINTING!"

### As Others Hear Us.

Returned from Our Party.

"MUMMIE!"  
 "Where are you, Mummie?"  
 "Mummie! We're back."  
 "Mummie! Are you in the drawing-room?"  
 "Did you have a nice party, darlings?"  
 "Oh, yes. Is it nearly supper-time now?"  
 "Tell me who was there."  
 "Oh, millions of people! Why isn't the car in the garage?"  
 "It's gone out. Who was at the party?"  
 "Oh, it was frightfully funny; there were millions of people. It was frightfully funny; there was a girl there called Lesley."  
 "Mummie, why isn't the car in the garage?"  
 "It's gone to the station. What did you play at?"  
 "Oh, it was frightfully funny. Some person or other said tennis, and another person wanted to have sports, only most people didn't quite know what they were doing."

"Mummie, will you have time to read to us before supper?"

"Oh, is it nearly supper-time? Mummie, isn't Lesley really a boy's name?"

"It can be either. Lesley who?"

"Oh, I don't know. It was frightfully funny, because she had a brother called Tony who was only about eight."

"Oh, he was exactly eight-and-a-bit, because he told me his birthday and it was only about two months before mine. Wasn't it funny? At least, February is before mine, isn't it?"

"Yes. Did you remember to say 'Thank you very much' to Mrs. Fairmile?"

"Yes, I did. Only I'm not sure if I said it to the right one, but I think it was, only I'm not sure."

"I said it to three different ones, and to an old sort of man who was there as well, just to be perfectly certain."

"You haven't yet told me what games you played."

"Oh, it was frightful really, because they kept on putting us in our ages, and of course all our sizes went wrong, and it was a most frightful muddle really. Why has the car gone to the station?"

"To fetch Daddy."

"Oh, is Daddy coming back to-night? I'd much rather have played tennis really—at least I would of if I didn't play so putridly."

"How often have I asked you—?"

"I'm so sorry, Mummie; I quite forgot. But anyway I *do* play putridly—much worse than anybody of my own age in the whole world."

"Mummie, don't you think they ought to give one tea for tea and not ask if one wants milk, like babies?"

"Will there be time to read to us before supper?"

"Wasn't it funny, Mummie? We were nearly in a motor-smash. At least a tiny little red car came dashing round the corner abso-lute-ly in the bang middle of the road just as we were going along at a fearful rate, and the driving-man said that was a near thing if ever there was one."

"Oh, yes, it *was* funny. I quite thought the little red car was coming straight into us. Wouldn't it have been funny if it had?"

"Well, there's your supper-bell. You'd better run along, darlings. I'll come up presently. I'm glad it was a nice party."

"Oh, it was marvellous! Have we got to go to any other parties these hols.?"

"I don't think so, but——"

"Oh, good!"

"But I thought you enjoyed——"

"Oh, yes, it was marvellous."

"It was frightful fun."

"I wish they hadn't had such millions of people and that we hadn't had to have those frightful sports. And did you see there were tomato-sandwiches, and the boy who the mother of said he was such a marvellous bowler——"

"I bet it was a lie."

"Oh, so do I—ate nearly every single one of them?"

"Didn't anybody else have any?"

"Oh, yes; I had about six myself."

"I had five, but they didn't hand them to me much."

"Oh, didn't they? I had simply millions. Is it nearly supper-time?"

E. M. D.

"COLD-STARTING PROBLEMS."

Motor Paper.

Ours go with a rush from the first sneeze.

### Impartiality.

I WAS told Mr. Thompson would like to see me at the back-door, but when I went downstairs he seemed to have changed his mind. Staring at his left-hand boot he asked if I was quite satisfied with the butter.

"It's lovely butter," I told him.

"And the milk's giving satisfaction, Madam?"

I replied in a humble affirmative. Anyway, who am I to scorn Mr. Thompson's dairy when only last night, by a casting vote, he appointed my rival a member of the Parish Council.

"And were the eggs all right," asked Mr. Thompson. The eggs were all right, and at last he raised his eyes.

"I was sorry about last night," he muttered.

Last night Miss Maple and I had gained equal votes as possible Parish Councillors. They had been counted three times to the tune of heavy breathing and then Mr. Thompson, as Chairman, had been called on for a casting vote. You know the humiliating result. Mr. Thompson repeated his regrets

and added, "You've got to be impartial when you're the chairman."

I did feel he needn't have rubbed it in. Almost any excuse would have been better than an impartiality which proved Miss Maple the better woman of us. Anyway she's utterly odious.

Mr. Thompson continued his brooding: "Impartial—that's where it comes so hard."

"Not at all. I mean, I quite understand."

This time he grinned. "That's what I said all along. I knew you'd understand. Now that Miss Maples hasn't got no sense of humour."

Perhaps a Councillor is better without a sense of humour, but I should never have been rollicking about rural affairs.

Then Mr. Thompson explained himself. "I said at the time that that Miss Maples wouldn't have sense of humour enough to buy her dairy stuff off of me if I voted against her. I knew you'd only laugh."

After that what else could I do?

"Impartiality," concluded the diplomat—"impartiality's a very queer thing, and you've got to be careful with it."



"YES, DEAR, I AM PRACTISING. YOUR MOTHER IS RATHER TOUCHY THIS AFTERNOON, AND SHE EITHER WANTS ME TO PRACTISE FOR THE CONCERT OR GO OUT FOR A WALK WITH HER."



MOTORING IN FRANCE.

THE HANDY LITTLE TWENTY-FIVE-SEATER RUNABOUT.

### I Want To Be a Champion.

I WANT to be a champion  
 With headlines in the Press,  
 I want to glow because I know  
 I've had a big success.  
 My ego pleads that all it needs  
 Is fame (and fortune too).  
 Oh, I'd love to be a champion,  
 But I don't know what to do.

I want to be the first man to be posted as a parcel,  
 Or the only man who goes to church on stilts,  
 Or the noughts-and-crosses champion at the Elephant  
 and Castle,  
 Or the man who drinks the longest beer in Wilts.  
 I might be, say, the man who held his mother up to  
 ransom,  
 Or the first man with a stammer to wear stays,  
 Or the man who crossed the desert, with his dentist,  
 in a hansom  
 Or who swam the Round Pond fifteen times (both  
 ways).

I want to be a champion  
 And known all round the map;  
 I want Peru and Timbuctoo  
 To read that I'm a chap;

I'd like to see a film of me  
 And BRADMAN shaking hands.  
 Oh, I'd make a splendid champion,  
 That's what no one understands.

I might be the first nudist who was turned away from  
 Ascot,  
 Or the first to paint the PRINCESS ROYAL in glue,  
 Or the man who raced at Brooklands with his baby  
 as a mascot,  
 Or who knitted eighty jumpers at the Zoo.  
 I might be just the expert on the habits of the  
 nettle  
 Or the only Scot to have his sporran curled,  
 Or the man who had collected seven hundred kinds of  
 kettle  
 Or who grew the tallest groundsel in the world.

If only I were champion  
 In any kind of way  
 My friends would greet me in the street,  
 They wouldn't look away.  
 But time goes by and somehow I  
 Perceive it more and more—  
 The only champion that I am  
 Is just a champion bore.





### TRIALS OF A RECEPTIONIST.

THE NEW ARRIVAL. "... IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO GENEVA,  
BUT MY HEART'S RIGHT THERE."

M. BARTHOUS. "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU; BUT I THINK ONE OR TWO OF THE  
GUESTS WOULD PREFER YOU TO LEAVE YOUR CLUBS IN THE CLOAK-ROOM."

2  
2  
2

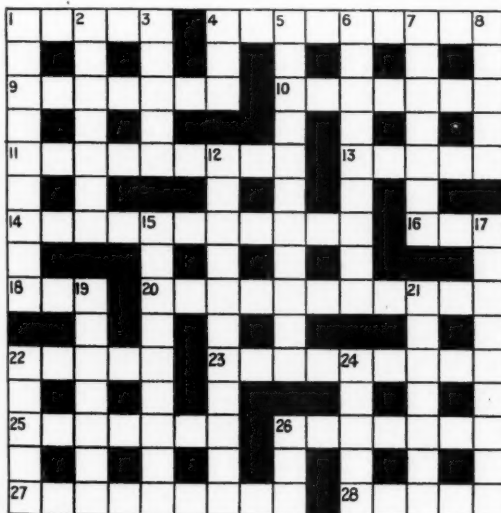
1. J
4. J
9. C
10. V



## THE BRITISH CHARACTER.

LOVE OF OPEN-AIR SPORTS.

## Mr. Punch's Particular Crossword.



## Across.

1. Pompeii is in these.
4. Hide for an ancient deed.
9. Get it out of the Dean of St. Paul's if 'e's there.
10. Wine on Wye.

11. Mr. Chipps.
13. Caledonia is a meet one for a poetic child.
14. Above success.
16. If this be gone you are 18.
18. See 16. Said I not?
20. Short contest to do away with debts.
22. Surname of a pigling.
23. This will last.
25. The dons begin to eat noisily.
26. I am in a low pub.
27. Comes round a gap in the hills.
28. Possible goals in Africa.

## Down.

1. Working by snatches.
2. Always in Germany South-East.
3. Pot.
4. Head of a horse.
5. Not so much behind on signals.
6. A French marshal rode about.
7. Sounds like a Cockney description of the man with the book in the train.
8. Wild blows on a famous bank.
12. Dry-fly-fishing competitions?
15. O I am caned.
17. Slack periods?
19. Sketch of an Indian city in gloomy surroundings.
21. Chance.
22. Very low down but necessary.
24. Kind of gate.
26. Kin to this vehicle is a boot.

[The solution will be printed next week. Last week's solution will be found on page 329.]





PIONEERS.

THE INVENTOR OF THE FISH-HOOK GIVES A DEMONSTRATION WHICH FALLS FLAT.

### Round Robin.

THE Duchess hurled a handful of my best writing-paper into the rubbish-basket and swore softly. "That's the third one I've made a mess of!" she said. She scowled ferociously, clenched her dentures and set to work again, undaunted by failure.

For the past week the Duchess, with two or three other ladies, has invaded my house every morning. Digging themselves securely in there, they sit round my dining-room table armed with a perfect welter of paper, envelopes, ink, pens, stamps and elastic bands, to write appealing letters on behalf of their pet charity—the Home for non-Aryan Harpists—to every householder in London.

As there appear to be some seven million people in London, and at least a sixth of these must be householders, I gather that to write to each personally will take a considerable amount of the Duchess's time. My dining-room therefore will not be available for luncheon for the next year because, if there is one thing I dislike more than another in this world, it is elastic-bands in the spaghetti. I also entertain an old-fashioned prejudice against stamps in the spinach which I find it difficult to overcome.

Last Tuesday I managed to have a snack at one end of the table, which would have been more enjoyable if I had not found a relief nib in the beans.

For the time being therefore I must deny myself all noontide sustenance in the sacred cause of charity; and the Duchess and her satellites can write themselves into a state of coma for as long as they choose.

I looked in on them this morning on my way out and offered to give a helping hand.

"Do, darling," said the Duchess, looking at me in a dazed way as though she weren't quite sure who I was. "Here's some writing-paper, a fountain-pen—it's a nice pen but it doesn't fount much—and here's the sample letter we're sending out. All you have to do is to copy it. You might begin with all the householders in Montagu Square."

"Might I?" I said nervously. "How many are there?"

"Oh, about fifty, I should think. But that's nothing, dear," she smiled, looking at my distraught countenance. "Yesterday I wrote the same letter ninety-seven times. But Eileen Spiniforth still holds the record—a hundred-and-twenty-three, wasn't it, dear?" She turned to the lady in question.

"Curse it!" cried Mrs. Egerton Spiniforth, throwing her pen across the room

in disgust. "That's what comes of people talking while I'm trying to write. I've put 'Dear Mr. Bloom' on the envelope."

"Never mind, dear," said Lady Clovehitch optimistically, disinterring herself from the Telephone Directory; "you can always stick a stamp over the 'Dear' and no one will be any the wiser."

"Oh, faugh!" sighed Mrs. Spiniforth, exhausted, and laid her head on the table for a moment's rest. "Here," she said, handing me the letter I had to copy and motioning me to an empty chair at the end of the table. I read it with some interest.

"Please excuse a personal note from a stranger," it began. "I have undertaken to send the enclosed circular to all householders in London. Please help. Any sum however small will be gratefully received."

"Well," thought I, "that seems simple enough," and I gaily plunged my fountain-pen into the ink-pot.

At this moment Rosie Delaneige tripped lightly into the room looking exactly like Santa Claus. Not of course that she sported a long white beard or a red dressing-gown but she was so plentifully strung with parcels that one couldn't help feeling that a background

of sleighs, snow and reindeer would have been singularly appropriate.

"I've been shopping," she explained rather unnecessarily.

"Have you bought anything we can eat?" asked Lady Clovehitch, sticking her pen behind her ear and moistening her lips hungrily.

"Yes, my sweet—a lovely box of chocolates; and if you can find the box you can eat the chocolates." So saying, Rosie dropped all her parcels on to the floor.

"I've come to help," she said, addressing the Duchess. The latter looked up for a moment from her work.

"I shouldn't, Rosie—really. I shouldn't," she replied kindly. "You help so dreadfully badly."

"But can't I lick things up or stick things down or fold things across or something?"

The Duchess paid no heed. "Please excuse a personal note from a stranger," she mumbled to herself mechanically, her head bent over the table.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Delaneige, quite unmoved, perching herself on the arm of my chair, "I shall tell you vulgar stories."

"Yours sincerely . . ."

"I have undertaken . . ."

"Please help . . ."

Our frenzied whisperings and the scratching of innumerable pens were the only sounds that broke the silence.

"Where's Wimpole Street?" suddenly inquired Mrs. Spiniforth.

"There," replied Rosie, pointing vaguely in a north-westerly direction.

"I know it's there, you idiot! What I mean is, where are the letters for Wimpole Street?"

"I don't know, darling. What did you do with them?"

"Something, I know, but I can't remember what. I think I gave them to Muriel."

Muriel Clovehitch peered over the top of *Who's Who* at the mention of her name.

"What?" she asked faintly, as one returning from another world.

The Duchess pointed an accusing finger at her. "Where's Wimpole Street?" she cried reproachfully.

"Oh, they're here," said Lady Clovehitch gaily. "I'm so sorry. I've been sitting on them all the time. To get them properly stuck down," she explained apologetically.

"You must have very poor saliva, Muriel," said the Duchess severely, "if it takes twelve stone to stick twenty envelopes."

"Please don't talk so much!" cried Mrs. Spiniforth in a perfect frenzy of rage. "Look at what I've written now! Please excuse a strange note from a



OUR PAMPERED PETS.

"DID YOU QUACK, SIR?"

person." Furiously she tore the letter into a hundred pieces.

"As I was saying," continued Rosie undiscouraged, "Boggles was at Ascot with that Fairweather creature, and of course who should they meet but Toby, and, as you know, Toby was very much in love with Joan, who is Boggles' wife, before he met—"

I interrupted her with a loud groan, for I perceived with horror and amazement that I had put "Boggles, 1934," instead of "June, 1934," at the top of my letter.

Rosie unpacked her parcels all over the floor, and even went so far as to remove most of her clothes in order to try on a new dress.

Meanwhile the Duchess, Mrs.

Egerton Spiniforth, Lady Clovehitch and I plodded nobly on, our brows damp and furrowed with care, our right hands partially paralysed with writer's cramp. On we went—

"I have undertaken to send parcels . . ."

"Please excuse a personal note from an undertaker . . ."

"Dear Captain June 1934 . . ."

"Yours sincerely, Boggles . . ."

"Any sum, however, circular . . ."

The clock struck one. All the willing workers suddenly recalled appointments at the luncheon-tables of their friends, and, gathering up their hats and gloves, fled screaming from the house, leaving me with no luncheon, no table, and apparently no friends. V. G.

## At the Play.

"MURDER IN MAYFAIR" (GLOBE).

I SUPPOSE Mr. IVOR NOVELLO could, if challenged, make a case for setting out his pieces for what turned out to be a gloomy, not to say rather dreary tragedy as if he was going to entertain us with a flippant comedy of modern manners. He might say that that was just what life was like. It didn't give you significant warnings like the well-made tragedy; especially nowadays and with the sort of people who came to his celebrated stage-parties. You might any day see four apparently normal people—relatively normal that is—wandering about avoiding the shafts of bright badinage with a slightly preoccupied air perhaps—no more—and within the hour two had gone on to a heroin supper, one was dead with a brace of bullets in the brain, the fourth mixing himself a stiff arsenic-and-soda. That's the kind of world he's dealing with.

Fania Sherry (Miss ZENA DARE) gives a party—a business affair. Her house is her shop—antiques, decorations and whatnot. A widow left unprovided for, with a son, Bill (Mr. ROBERT ANDREWS), and daughter, Jill (Miss LINDEN TRAVERS), must capitalise her charm. The famous Jacques Clavel (Mr. IVOR NOVELLO) is to play the piano. Fania has lured the elusive Jacques with the promise that he shall meet his beloved Mary Ventyre (Miss FAY COMPTON), now long married by the will of a formidable mother to a never-loved nobleman of unspecified grade. Mary is to draw Jacques; Jacques to draw the crowd. Cocktails are to bemuse the judgment. Behold, in epitome, the essentials of modern business enterprise.

And who, pray, is this slinky, pallid, sleepy-voiced Auriol Cran-nock (Miss EDNA BEST)? You simply wouldn't believe the kind of woman Auriol is—a snake-in-the-grass, having hypnotised Bill into a state of passionate dither (incidentally, which is to say casually, giving him favours resulting in embarrassments from which the traditional escape used to be marriage) and about to hypnotise Jacques, to catch him on the rebound of his disappointment, because Mary will not, as Fania suggests, "bolt with him." For long years Auriol has focussed her morbid desires on Jacques. And now she strikes—takes him away abroad, drinks and drugs with him, destroys his music (a threat to her complete

possession) and, accidentally hearing of the death of Mary's husband, promptly makes him marry her, working the old paternity trick, before he

gather in Auriol's commodious Mews. The headlights glare, the gears grind; the klaxons blare as in the days before the Peace of the Blessed HORE-BELISHA; angry chauffeurs without and below make rude noises expressing contempt or refuse, not without a certain wistful reluctance, half-serious offers of companionship for the night.

Auriol oversteps the limits of reticence allowed even in this free society. She gets her face well slapped by Bill. And finally two, or one of two, bullets. By whose hand we are for a few minutes left to guess. It seemed a fitting end for what Mary charitably described as her "restlessness."

The interest, I am afraid, did not keep pace with the heightening of the emotional tension. We never really believed in Jacques or Mary or Auriol or Bill—or at least not in the given situations—and unbelief kills interest. But it is only fair to say that Miss EDNA BEST put into her highly seasoned part a savage fire and bitter fury which really held us; and there were other isolated points of interest. It's a cruel law, that about a play being no better than its weakest part, and, though not quite true, truer than facile authors recognise. And why does Mr. NOVELLO, who can make fairly good jokes, make and reproduce such bad ones? T.



THE MOTHERLY MOMENTS OF Mrs. SHERRY (Miss ZENA DARE)—KNITTING.

discovers the fact that Mary is free. Poor Mary, stretching out her arms at last to happiness, gets this rough deal. Another party of noisy degenerates



PIANIST FEELING A LITTLE PIANO.  
Jacques Clavel . . . . . Mr. IVOR NOVELLO.  
Mary Ventyre . . . . . Miss FAY COMPTON.

## "A MAN'S HOUSE" (NEW).

Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER, sufficiently encouraged by a Malvern verdict, brings *A Man's House* to the New. The reception by an audience which seemed as a whole to lack the ultra-sophistication of the usual London first-night assembly—it was less "brilliant," as we say—was extremely favourable, and deservedly so. A certain slowing-down of the action towards the very end in a rather bald series of leave-takings and loose-end gatherings without surprises or enlightening comments, had the rather chilling effect of a man elaborately finishing all the sentences of which you know the full import from the first phrase. But apart from this mistake in tactics, a curious lapse in a writer so experienced and technically competent, the author succeeded well in that now familiar exercise of putting new force into an old story by presenting it in a quasi-contemporary mood and translating consecrated phrases into a breezy vernacular. If there were a few awkward patches they showed themselves curiously enough where the language attempted a higher level of dignity



according to the older convention than in the casual clipped familiar idiom of our common speech. And I don't think anyone, however stiff and suspicious, could detect any essential lack of reverence or error of taste.

The theme is the disintegrating effect on the household of a solid rich merchant banker in Jerusalem, *Salathiel* (Mr. BASIL RADFORD), of the preaching of the Nazarene agitator—as the solid and authoritative in the city call the new peasant Teacher. The time covered by the action is the eight days from the eve of the first Palm Sunday to the morning of the first Easter Day.

*Salathiel* himself is a kindly liberal gentleman, but draws the line when his daughter *Rachel* (Miss PATRICIA BURKE) throws in her lot with *David* (Mr. GEOFFREY TOONE), who is a professed follower of the Teacher. *David* is the son of a cantankerous, worldly and mean-spirited old merchant, *Barnabas*—a part discreetly designed by the author to lessen the tension of the piece and played with quite excellent effect by Mr. STANLEY LATHBURY. As for *Salathiel's* elder daughter, *Esther* (Miss JOYCE BLAND), her blindness makes her bitter and perverse and egocentrically assured that her affliction is clear proof that the God of Jacob is not just and the reported talk of the Nazarene about a God of Love is infuriating nonsense. The son of the house, *Mathias* (Mr. REGINALD TATE), a dandy with a fine taste, according to Mr. PAUL SHELVEY, in coloured silk dressing-gowns and smoking-caps, is a magnificently steadfast upholder of established order, a single-minded materialist and sedulous climber. There is an elder brother of *Salathiel's*, *Nathan*, a gentle old man, dreamer and poet, and, as *Mathias* takes pains to point out with the abiding belief of the rich cad in the supreme value of money as a proof of worth, failure and family pensioner. *Nathan* is also a follower of the Nazarene. (Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND did certainly tone down his natural heartiness to fit not too awkwardly the frame of this pensive old gentleman, but he did not, I am afraid, give any effect of age or any overwhelming impression of other-worldliness.)

Follows the entry of the Nazarene into the city, described by the watchers inside the house—the family, the Roman guard, the servants, the visitors; the cure of *Esther*, body and soul, by the healing hands and gentle words of the Master (*Rachel*, cast out by her father, is with the disciples and begs this favour for her sister); the final assertion of *Mathias's* contempt for his father and for any who see anything but lucky coincidence in his sister's cure—*Mathias*

indeed is taken to the point of caricature in his complete imperviousness to any new or any decent old ideas—with this the Second Act ends.

The Third takes up the narrative on Easter Sunday. An Officer of the Roman Guard (Mr. LAIDMAN BROWNE), a well-meaning alien who had performed an act of mercy at the execution, uses his influence with Pilate for the arrested *Nathan* and *David* and the servant *Jacob*, and comes with, I am afraid, something of a Hollywood effect to claim the hand of *Esther* and the blessing of *Salathiel*. *Nathan*, *David* and *Rachel* wander into exile. *Salathiel* must put up with, as prop of

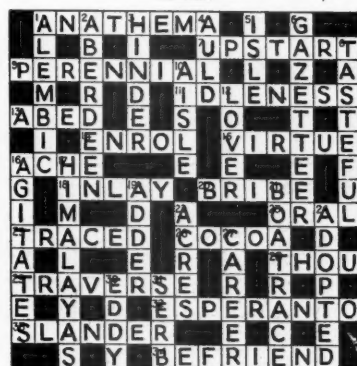


Auriol Crannock (Miss EDNA BEST). "MY FACE HAS BEEN SLAPPED. ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN NOW!" (It does.)

his old age, the insufferable cocksure *Mathias*, who expresses his complete content in a self-satisfied grin as the curtain falls. The agitator dead, the old fool *Nathan* gone, the silly sisters disposed of, now he can begin to set himself right with the Romans and with those customers who had looked askance at his house. As for rumours of the Nazarene being seen this Sunday forenoon, well, he for his part is too busy to discuss such nonsense and must sign a few letters before he goes down to dinner.

Mr. BASIL RADFORD gave dignity to the part of *Salathiel* and seemed really to be suffering. Mr. REGINALD TATE lost none of the value of his flattering part. There were, I have to confess, weaknesses in the cast. T.

### Solution of Last Week's Crossword Puzzle.



### What Odds?

- A CUB from the hedgerow turning—  
The rhythm of hoofs on dew?  
A rate for a puppy learning  
His way to the horn's fresh clew?
- What odds then for mist on heather—  
Low skies and a Hemstone find?  
The West with its web-foot weather,  
Sea-spiced and a tor to mind?
- You'd rather the Southdown rovers—  
For point? They're at Telscombe  
Tye!  
A go from the Surrey Corners—  
For pace? They're on Shepherds  
High!
- What odds for a Midland spinney—  
Cream Gorse? Or the Whissendine?  
A burst with the Quorn past Ashby?  
A day on the Pytchley line?
- You'll bide for the North to rouse him?  
The bells of Buceleuch to chime?  
A cheer as the Border winds him!  
Wet ling and the bracken's rime!
- What odds? Why, the horn's reminder  
In cleave or in ghyll or whin!  
Hound-cry and a good gorse covert  
To sing us the season in!

### The Home-Lover's All-in-All.

"Combination Bookcase writing table, small cabinet, part dinner-service, breakfast ditto, furs, oddments."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"Our Invisible Glass Window is the first of its kind in Edinburgh. After seeing it, walk inside."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*  
If you don't see it, walk through.

"Traffic at the Elephant and Castle was delayed last night for about 20 minutes when a horse-drawn cart laden with plums and apples overturned on the tram lines in Newington Butts."—*Daily Paper.*  
A jam of sorts was inevitable.



TRAFFIC-BLOCK ENTERPRISE.

### Conferring Benefits.

THE Emperor Wang (says the historian), sitting in the jade-and-agate pagoda called Appetite and digesting a breakfast of stewed hound and birds' nests, called for his Chancellor.

"Go Long," he ordered, "bring hither the Court Astrologer."

"Osculator of the Charming," replied Go Long from the floor, "astrology, having been nationalised, is now a Government Department. The unworthy head of it is now prostrate before you."

"Good," said the Emperor. "What is this day propitious for?"

"Inflamer of the Fair," replied Go Long, still from the floor, "this day is propitious for conferring benefits on the unfortunate."

"Confer them," commanded Wang.

"This obscene evil-doer has been engaged for some time in that interesting employment," replied Go Long. "If the Originator of Benevolent Sentiments will permit, I shall present a short résumé of my activities."

"Present it," said the Emperor, brooding heavily over the stewed hound.

"At no remote period," began Go Long, "this obsequious reptile perceived an unfortunate man about to be decapitated by Your Majesty's torturers. I rescued their victim, and, notwithstanding his unprepossessing appearance, I persuaded a tradesman of Peking to take him into his house and teach him an honest trade. This repulsive babbler often awakes in the night and beams with joy at the recollection of the episode."

"What trade has he learned?" asked the Emperor.

"Rewarder of Industry," replied Go Long, "the trade of a locksmith."

"And what was his previous trade?" demanded Wang.

"That, Your Majesty, is the most delightful feature of the whole idyll," replied Go Long. "He had the misfortune to be a well-known bandit. Finding the exposure to the weather too much for his frame, the poor fellow took to housebreaking, but was caught by the guard at his first attempt."

Touched by my solicitude, he has acquired a new heart, and is now applying himself to learning the trade of a locksmith with much enthusiasm."

"Hum!" said the Emperor. "What other benefits have you conferred on the unfortunate?"

"Your Majesty," replied Go Long, "this ungenerous person has rescued quite a number of bandits, all of whom were so unlucky as to be caught by Your Majesty's guards while robbing, mutilating and murdering travellers."

"Did you rescue any of them before they were captured?" asked Wang.

"The Encourager of Scrupulosity will understand," replied Go Long, "that such a course, while eminently desirable in theory, presents certain practical difficulties which have hitherto proved insuperable even to a Government Department. When one feels the urge to rescue bandits from their evil ways, one must wait till the bandits have embarked on a course of banditry before commencing operations. Does this wretched halfwit make himself clear?"

"Perfectly," said the Emperor. "You

made the first bandit a locksmith. What did you do with the next when you had rescued him?"

"The next bandit," proceeded Go Long, "was a notorious robber who had disembowelled many rich men. I caused him to be given a position as watchman at a wealthy merchant's house. I considered it necessary for him to face and overcome temptation, not to flee from it."

"How unerring is your instinct!" exclaimed the Emperor. "And the next?"

"The next," answered Go Long, "was supplied with weapons by this suspicious misanthrope in order that he might offer his services as a guard to travellers about to journey into lonely parts of the Empire."

"He has prospered as he deserves, I hope?" said Wang.

"I regret to say that travellers show a despicable aloofness," replied Go Long. "The unfortunate man's business is very poor."

"That is what I meant," said the Emperor. "However, proceed."

"The next," said Go Long, "I found a position as porter to a goldsmith. The others are now serving jewellers, silversmiths, heiresses, and wealthy mandarins."

"What a number of benefits you have conferred!" said Wang. "But I must not let you endanger your health. As the day is propitious for conferring benefits on the unfortunate, let me discharge that duty myself."

Accordingly, they passed into the street called the Street of the Unfortunate Devils, where they beheld a man in a state of extreme destitution.

"Yonder," said the Emperor, "is a beggar. Let us confer benefits on him."

"He is not a bandit," objected Go Long in a dissatisfied tone.

"No matter," said the Emperor. "We will hear his story."

The beggar was summoned and kowtowed.

"Recite your misfortunes to the Donor of Delights," ordered Go Long.

"This wicked prevaricator has suffered some misfortunes, it is true," said the beggar. "But his affairs are now on the point of mending."

"I rejoice to hear that you meet your misfortunes in the right spirit," said Wang. "Nevertheless, let us hear them."

"I was once a locksmith's assistant," replied the beggar, "and was looking forward to succeeding my master in his business, but he discharged me and replaced me by an ex-bandit whose heart was changed. I then became a watchman at a wealthy mer-



DR. —, THE WELL-KNOWN THROAT SPECIALIST, INGENUOUSLY AVOIDS THE PROFESSIONAL BAN ON PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENT.

chant's, but that position too was required for another ex-bandit who was suffering violent remorse. I was then employed as porter by a goldsmith, only to be turned away to provide employment for a third ex-bandit who had seen the errors of his ways. In the same way I worked in turn for a jeweller, a silversmith, an heiress and a wealthy mandarin. The last-named dismissed me yesterday, as he was persuaded to help an ex-bandit who had determined to lead a new life."

"Yours is a sad story," said Wang, while Go Long elevated the nose of scorn, "yet you do not seem to repine."

"Your Majesty's assumption is correct," said the beggar. "This ungrate-

ful pig is convinced that his misfortunes are at an end."

"What are you going to do?" inquired Wang.

"I am going to be a bandit," replied the beggar happily. W. G.

"Two Rooms unfurnished, 12s. 6d. or more if required."—*Advt. in Suburban Paper.*

The sum named will be quite satisfactory, thank you.

"When the degree was conferred, the Public Arator mentioned that Mr. G. — had recently given great help to the University."—*Sunday Paper.*

Otherwise, of course, he would have been ploughed.



### No Sail.

Now that the contest for the America Cup is actually in train, or better, to avoid confusion, *en voyage*, I think I ought to make clear my reasons for not volunteering to serve aboard the gallant ship *Endeavour*. When the call came and volunteers were asked to step forward the response—so at least my newspaper led me to believe—was in accordance with the finest traditions of our staunch seafaring race. There was a moment's pause; then a ripple ran swiftly round the coast from port to port, and when it died down practically the whole sea-going population of England was found to have taken one smart pace to the front. It was I—I only—who had not budged.

It is not that yachting people have been unkind to me since the event. If the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron sometimes cut me as I sidle past, if invitations to lunch aboard *Velsheda* and *Westward* and the rest fail to come my way, if, ah! even if the racing cutters forgot to dip their pennons when I went down to bathe at Burnham-on-Crouch a while ago—why, there is nothing new in that. It was ever so. It is not to these, the *cognoscenti*, that I want to address myself; they, I feel certain, understand my reasons for holding back. But there are others. Only last week, when sculling quietly on the upper reaches of the Thames, I was conscious all the time of scornful looks and laughter and half-muffled comments from the boats that passed me. Mere chits of girls, recognising me perhaps by my yachting cap and the blue blazer with the metal buttons in which I generally row, pointed me out and giggled among themselves; and one, more audacious than the rest, actually shouted out, "Why aren't you on the *Endeavour*, Captain, instead of skulking about the backwaters wasting your time?" I might have answered her then and there, made some attempt perhaps to explain the situation, but the shame and humiliation of the moment proved too much for me. Before I could recover my composure my right-hand blade had dug itself too deeply into the water and I fell heavily backwards, as a good oarsman should, into the bottom of the boat. It was as I lay there in the bilge, with the derisive laughter of my detractors ringing in my ears, that I made my final determination. In fairness to myself and my reputation as a sportsman I must and would speak out.

My first reason, then, for failing to offer my services to Mr. SOPWITH is a simple one. I am convinced that I should be unable, with the best possible intentions, to remain on board his yacht for the duration of a race. I have kept in close touch with *Endeavour* since the day of her launching, both through the medium of the illustrated papers and the local cinema, and I have observed that when in motion her deck remains consistently at an angle beyond that at which I am forced to desert the upright for the prone position. This circumstance in itself might not greatly matter, for I flatter myself I could haul as featly on the ratlines while lying on my back as I could when standing, but its importance becomes sufficiently obvious when one considers the further astonishing fact that the boat, so far as I am able to ascertain, is entirely unprovided with any kind of railing, bulwark or other protection round the edges whatsoever. So that for a person lying on the deck, any tendency to roll (as they call it) in heavy weather would almost certainly prove fatal. Instead of finishing up comfortably in the scuppers (as one does, *e.g.*, on a pleasure-cruiser), he would roll on remorselessly into the wine-dark sea and be rapidly lost to view. I have thought the whole thing out very carefully and I have come to the conclusion that it would not be right to run the risk of leaving the crew short-handed.

In the second place I am a little bit doubtful whether I have the right qualifications for the job. If they put a piece of rope in my hands and told me to pull on it until they said stop I daresay I should do very well; but if they merely told me to haul on the sheets, or the jib or the spinning-topsail, without indicating quite clearly what they meant, I'm not sure I mightn't make a bloomer at it. I believe I might get confused and muddle the ropes up and perhaps pull the mainmast down or lash Mrs. SOPWITH to the wheel. The fact is I was never expected to do this sort of dull routine work when we used to go sailing down at Christchurch after the War. My job was to sit in the middle of the boat and be ready to heave the keel up into a kind of slot when we came to the shallow bits. It was rather a responsible post, because one had to act very quickly the instant one heard a grating sound, and one also had to remember to let the thing down again when the danger was over; but I enjoyed it, and I was pretty good at it too. I don't know that there was a better keel-hauler at that time in all the harbour. Still, the worst of being a specialist at any job is that there may be little or no demand for your services. As far as I know there was never at any time a real outcry for a man skilled at pulling up keels to join the crew of *Endeavour*. In fact I'm not even sure whether they have that kind of keel on the boat at all. Probably, I should say now I come to think of it, not.

Thirdly, I am a good deal alarmed at the idea of getting hit on the head by the boom. In an ordinary small yacht with a wooden boom I don't mind this so very much; it happens every time the sail flaps over, and I have learnt to accept it as part of the fun of sailing, like wet feet and sickness. But I doubt very much whether I should care for a crack on the head from *Endeavour's* boom. It seems to me to be a much bigger thing altogether than the kind I am accustomed to being struck on the head by, and it is made, I am told, of cast-iron or topaz or some other quite non-resilient material. It would be a pity if I was already unconscious when I rolled off into the sea.

My fourth reason for refusing to sign on is simply this—I should never be able to stop myself scribbling on the sails. Ever since I was—well, so high any large expanse of virgin whiteness, like a new sheet of blotting-paper or a field of freshly-fallen snow, has always proved irresistible to my wrecking instincts. I have to go straight away and scribble on the one or scabble in the other. And it would be just the same with that lovely big mainsail; I should be bound to draw faces on it with the belaying-pin while the rest of the crew were busy with the sheets and braces. And then what would happen to me? What terrible penalty is reserved for those who scribble on the mainsails of nice clean challengers?

I expect they would close-haul me and put cleats in my mizzen at the very least.

H. F. E.

### Lyra Lunatica.

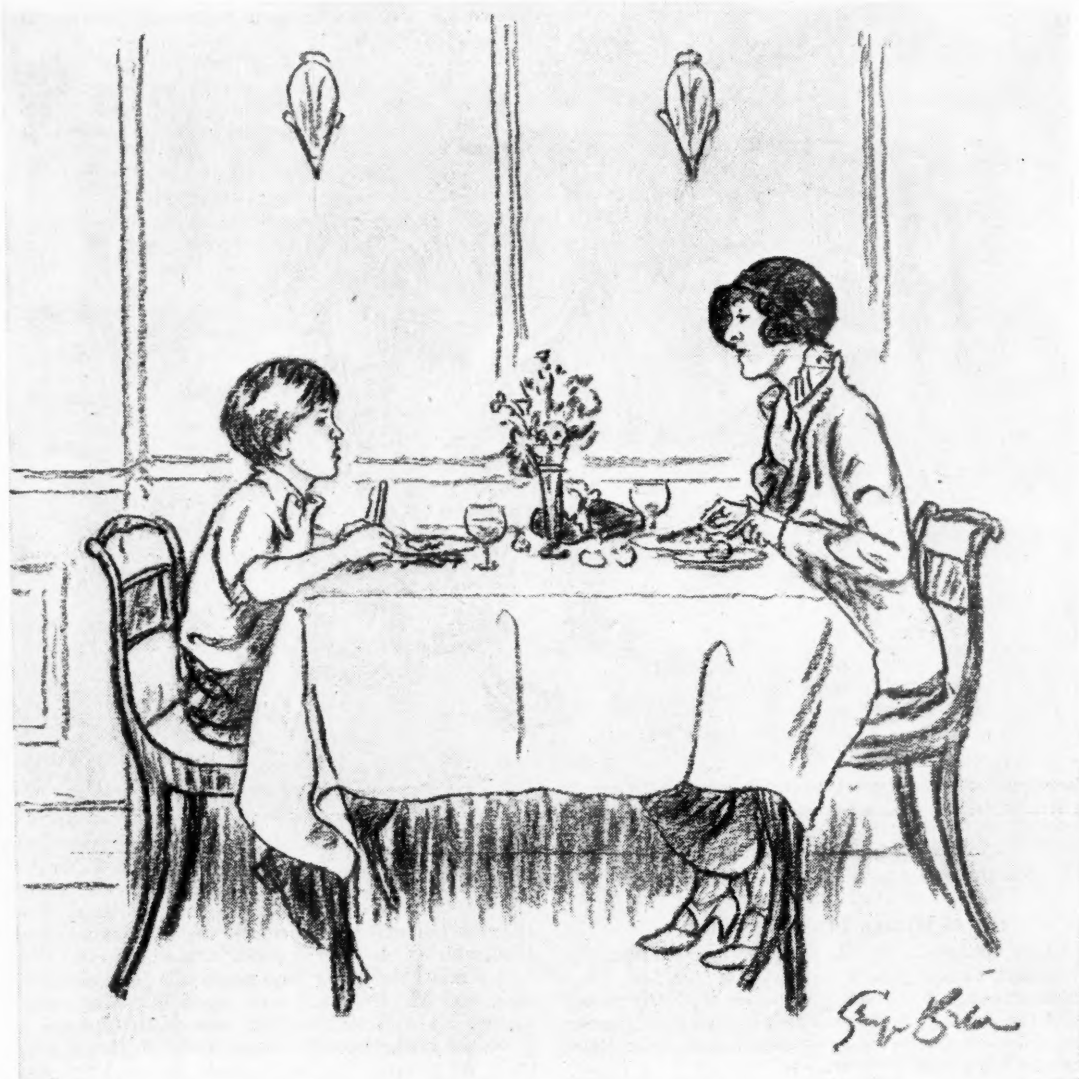
A Song of Scarborough.

(A boy, JOHN HOLDSWORTH, landed a 614-lb. tunny at Scarborough on Saturday, September 8th.)

"How pleasant it is to have money, heigho!  
How pleasant it is to have money!"—  
So ran the refrain of a popular strain  
(It was seriously meant and not funny)

In the days of my youth;  
But to-day with more truth  
I am minded to sing,  
'Tis a pleasanter thing

To chase and to capture the tunny.



"I DON'T THINK I'LL EAT ANY MORE OF THIS CHICKEN, MUMMY. I DON'T LIKE THE TASTE."

"WHY? WHAT DOES IT TASTE OF?"

"IT TASTES AS IF IT HAD DIED OF ITS OWN ACCORD."

For sumptuous pageants I care not a hoot,  
 Though staged on the mead that is Runny;  
 I've never invested in rubber or jute  
 Or the making of sacks out of gunny;  
 For tarpon and batfish,  
 For tropical flatfish  
 And monsters marine  
 I don't care a bean,  
 But I'd love to go chasing the tunny.  
 Let others who will exhibit their skill  
 In crooning the praise of "ma honey"  
 Or in working their cruel and murderous  
 will  
 On the innocent hare or the bunny;

I am bored by the crooner,  
 I hate the harpooner,  
 But envy the joy  
 Of the Scarborough boy  
 Who has caught a 600-lb. tunny.  
 So here's to the excellent TUNNICLIFFE (JACK)  
 (His name is an absolute "sitter"),  
 Who, though he was never at home in a smack,  
 Was a long if not violent hitter.  
 And where Scarborough's keep  
 Looks down on the deep  
 As patron and master  
 Of every bait-caster,  
 What man could be possibly fitter? C. L. G.



"BEEN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, HAVE I? WELL, I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A B-BETTER EXCUSE THAN THAT TO TELL THE WIFE."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Sweet Waters From Vesuvius.

VISCOUNT SNOWDEN in *An Autobiography* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-) is gentle, humorous and mild. He is a little surprised that his name should be popularly associated with the whips (or scorpions) of declamatory eloquence. He has collected a number of eulogistic Press reports of speeches he has made, and these he brings out for inspection with a kind of bashful amusement, noting his triumphs only in the interests of history and hating to be egotistical yet finding it unavoidable in an autobiography. His record of attainment is in honest truth an amazing one, but he is fundamentally modest, and since in these pages he is not advocating a cause but telling a story, it is only by inference that one realises he is a banked furnace, white-hot with Socialistic and religious idealism. Happily a vast excess of energy beyond what he has spent in the service of his Party has year by year been sublimated into the solidest kind of public work on non-political lines. His narrative in this volume stops at 1919. One hopes he may find it possible to keep the second half equally witty, keen and free from bilious humours.

#### A Liberal on the Last Half-century.

MR. J. A. SPENDER, interrupting more monumental work to provide *A Short History of Our Times* (CASSELL, 10/6), has performed an extremely useful task in a manner both conscientious and animated. True the volume might

almost equally be entitled "the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of the independent Liberal Party, 1886-1932," for the fortunes of that body are always distinctly traceable, like a great and genial Gulf-stream, through the welter of currents, social, economic and political, which make up the rest of the story. But history is to my mind the better for a respectable and acknowledged bias, and Mr. SPENDER is justified in maintaining that, though his own predilections necessarily appear, he has given the reader ample facts on which to formulate a contrary judgment. He is, I think, particularly useful in tracing the subterranean springs of world-irruptions which, accelerating and waxing as our own time approaches, render the period the most portentous in history. Victorians (he admits) purchased their comforts by handing on their problems to their successors. If Mr. SPENDER has a fault, it is his insufficient awareness of a very similar attitude on the part of our representatives to-day.

#### Travelling-Pack Reshuffled.

*Penang Appointment* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is, I take it, a first novel; and the most remarkable thing about it is the confidence and aplomb with which it says what it has to say and finishes. This is in itself a merit, but not, I feel, quite the merit one would wish to come uppermost in the mind of the newly-introduced reader, especially as it gives a somewhat cut-and-dried air to a story whose theme demands and whose handling not infrequently concedes a certain measure of sympathy. Stephen MacFadyen, ex-master of a North-country grammar-school and Principal-designate of an English college in Malaya, embarks



at Tilbury an unencumbered bachelor with a life of celibate scholarship ahead of him. But on board the *Tusitala*—seediest of all steamships—his fate is high-handedly changed for him by the intervention of Mr. Hamish Doyle, professional sponger, Mr. Doyle's innocent daughter, Gratia, and Mr. Doyle's son-in-law-elect, Hector Brentano the bully. How Stephen is persuaded to make a fourth, with Gratia as his predestined partner, is the entirely adequate staple of Mr. NORMAN COLLINS' vivid, cynical, yet by no means wholly un pitying notion of a *roman du voyage*.

#### As the Poets Saw Us.

A pleasant thought it was to frame  
From Britain's minstrelsy a show  
Revealing how we played the game  
Of living centuries ago;  
JOHN DRINKWATER conceived the  
whim  
And gave it form and comely girth,  
And you may share its joys with him  
For three half-crowns (to BUTTER-  
WORTH).

A Pageant—so he christens it—  
Of England's Life, and on the scene  
Seven-y poets do their bit  
With passages of prose between,  
Inserted with a deftness which  
Most charmingly contrives to give  
The singers each his proper niche  
In one connected narrative.

Songs of the sea and war's alarms  
Are there, but sparingly arrayed;  
Trivial odes to beauty's charms,  
Topics of all kinds, even trade,  
Gloom and elation, tears and smiles  
All lend their help to form a view  
Of us the dwellers in these isles  
Varied, vivacious, candid, true.

#### Private Lives.

The thesis of Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA's new novel, *Portrait of His Excellency* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), is that ancient contrast between your public man as he is presented to the world by official biographies and the real man behind his robes and orders. Here we have *Richard Croyle*, third Viscount and first *Earl Alster*, sent out as Governor-General to Canberra, and (to all readers of *The Morning Standard*) a blameless aristocrat of the best type, a man who had given his services to the State from his youth up, both in Parliament and in the field. His lifelong friend, *Leslie Vivian*, takes up his pen after his regretted demise, and proceeds to analyse the accepted record. So many episodes in his life called for explanation. That regrettable affair when he was trying for Winchester, that quarrel with his friend at Eton about volunteering for the South African War. And then why did he enter the House of Commons in 1904? Why did he marry the daughter of *Ogden B. Tann*, of New York? And why did he, an ex-Guards officer, take a commission in the Dorset Regiment during the Great War? But this is no ordinary case of "debunking." The character of the first Earl emerges



"MISSY, YOU BUY ALLEE SAME LOVELY SOOVENEER OF 'APPY CROOSE?"

from his friend's examination without any real stain. He was more complex than we had imagined—that is all—and by so much the more interesting. Mr. McKenna has handled his subject skilfully. And if frustration is the lot of almost all his characters, including the protagonist, is not that also what generally happens in real life?

#### The Sibyl of Munstead.

The name of GERTRUDE JEKYLL has long been a household word in the mouths of all who own or love gardens. But she was more than a great gardener and authority on gardening. She was an admirable writer—witness her classical record of bygone manners and customs in *Old Surrey*—and a great personality. It was impossible to spend a quarter of an hour in her company without being impressed by her robust sanity. She was most impressive but never formidable. Nothing could exceed her generosity in placing her knowledge or counsel at the disposal of friends or strangers. Her industry was amazing and lasted

into extreme old age, in spite of increasing infirmity and defective eyesight. This brief but most interesting memoir, *Gertrude Jekyll* (JONATHAN CAPE, 10/6 net), written by her nephew, Mr. FRANCIS JEKYLL, is prefaced by an affectionate foreword by Sir EDWIN LUTYENS, her friend and collaborator for over forty years, and contains a list of three-hundred-and-fifty gardens, in the laying out of which she either was completely responsible or assisted by her advice. In her long, industrious and beneficent life Miss JEKYLL knew and was admired and respected by nearly everybody worth knowing in Art and Letters. Yet she never received any official recognition. Happily it was not required. Her name is writ large on the face of England, which, as it was said, no one in her lifetime except the Creator did more to beautify.

### The King of Wines.

When you read what STEPHEN GWYNN has to say of his ideal *Burgundy* (CONSTABLE, 5/-) in his *envoi*—"it must have race and suavity, the mettle of a thoroughbred and the smoothness of a perfect mount.

Vigour will be in it from the first, and fire, but of a repellent roughness; as the years pass, and courtesy replaces crudity, the wine will offer the seduction of perfect breeding combined with authority and rank"—do not be too much put out of countenance. Men of letters are like that when they are likewise men of wine according to the best tradition. You may quite likely be a little less sure of yourself when you next take up the restaurant wine-list. Mr. GWYNN knows and admires his subject, assumes that we shall be interested in his preference for the 1904 and 1915 Chambertin over the '78 (called, surely, pre-*phylloxera* by a slip of the pen) and rightly, because he is never tiresome, blending judiciously history, scholarship, gourmets' reminiscence, process, personalities and dithyrambic tribute. Take a year's savings, fly to Dijon, stay a few days at M. RACOUCHOT'S "Trois Faisans," work down the Côte d'Or to Sautenay, then on to Mâcon and to Lyons to a high-bred courteous, suave, seductive, mettlesome Beaujolais wedded to a dream *filet de bœuf*—that seems to be the moral.

### Pauline and Her Guinea-Pig.

To imitate *Alice* is to invite furious criticism, but at the request of a small daughter who sings—

"I have a little guinea-pig,  
A teeny-weeny fellow,"

Mr. GIBSON, greatly daring, has made a gallant attempt to achieve the impossible in *The Tail Tale* (RICH AND COWAN, 5/-) which will doubtless please lots of small readers. Also he has set many of the songs to music (I found myself trying to pick out the tunes on the piano, with one finger!) Occasionally he has followed the original rather too closely—"Never mind," said the Queen, 'there is P.M.I.T.O.'

'Which means,' explained the King, 'there's Plenty More In The Oven.' 'Which means,' corrected the Princess, 'Pardon Me I Think Otherwise.'" But the missing-word variations on nursery rhymes are excellent:—

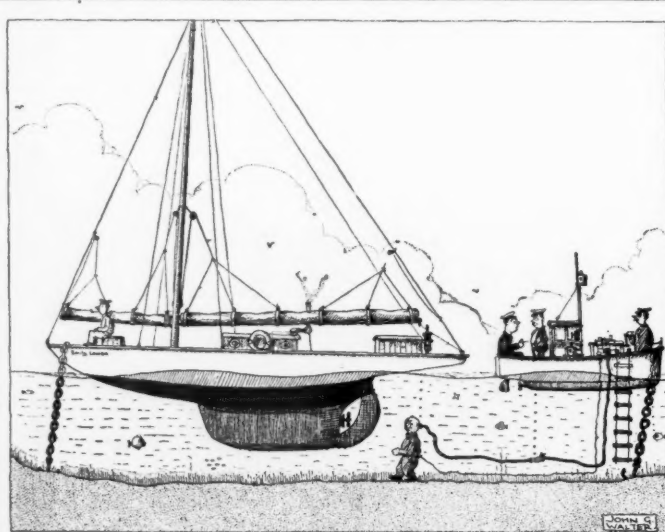
"Little Boy Blue,  
Come tune up your lyre,  
The cow's in the corn  
And the fat's in the . . ."

which I hope is not prophetic. I am glad the excellent illustrations are *not* imitations of the one and only JOHN TENNIEL, and I commend the Tale to the B. B. C. for the Children's Hour.

### Sound and Careful Instruction.

*Soccer* (PUTNAM, 3/6) is of its kind a most informing and useful volume. Mr. DAVID JACK is himself an illustrious player of the game, but in these pages his object is to help others to attain proficiency, and he refrains with becoming modesty from any trace of self-glorification. And this

deserves to be noted, for those who write about the games in which they have gained fame are not invariably backward in blowing their own trumpets. In turn Mr. JACK takes and discusses each position in the field of play, and young soccer players who study with care the instruction provided for them cannot fail to profit from it. "Most British schoolboys," Mr. JACK writes, "have an inclination to kick something—or somebody—before they have any idea that there is a right way and a wrong way of using their feet." With this book, which is excellently illustrated, at their disposal, men and boys alike will be



Man in Motor-Boat. "I've ALWAYS SUSPECTED OLD PERKINS OF USING A PROPELLER, AND NOW I MEAN TO FIND OUT FOR SURE."

able to make their kicks, whatever the targets may be, far more effective.

### Who Killed the Valet?

Those of us who miss no opportunity of a hunt with *Camberwell*, *Chaney* and *Chipperfield* will remember that they were wounded before they brought their last "case" to a conclusion. Mr. J. S. FLETCHER'S clever trio have, however, made rapid recoveries, and in *The Ebony Box* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 7/6) they are once again engaged in solving a problem worthy of their skill. Even *Camberwell* cannot tell us whether *Sir John Allerdale* did or did not accidentally kill himself. But if the cause of *Sir John's* death was obscure, his manservant was undoubtedly murdered, and in the chase that followed *Chipperfield*, who is now a member of the firm, more than justifies his promotion. This is a thrilling addition to the *Camberwell* adventures, and apart from one or two slipshod sentences it is ably written.

### Bad Blow for Gentlemen's Personal Gentlemen.

"BAGS TO BE HOOKED UP BY MACHINE."

Daily Paper Headline.